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BUFF BOTTLE BABY

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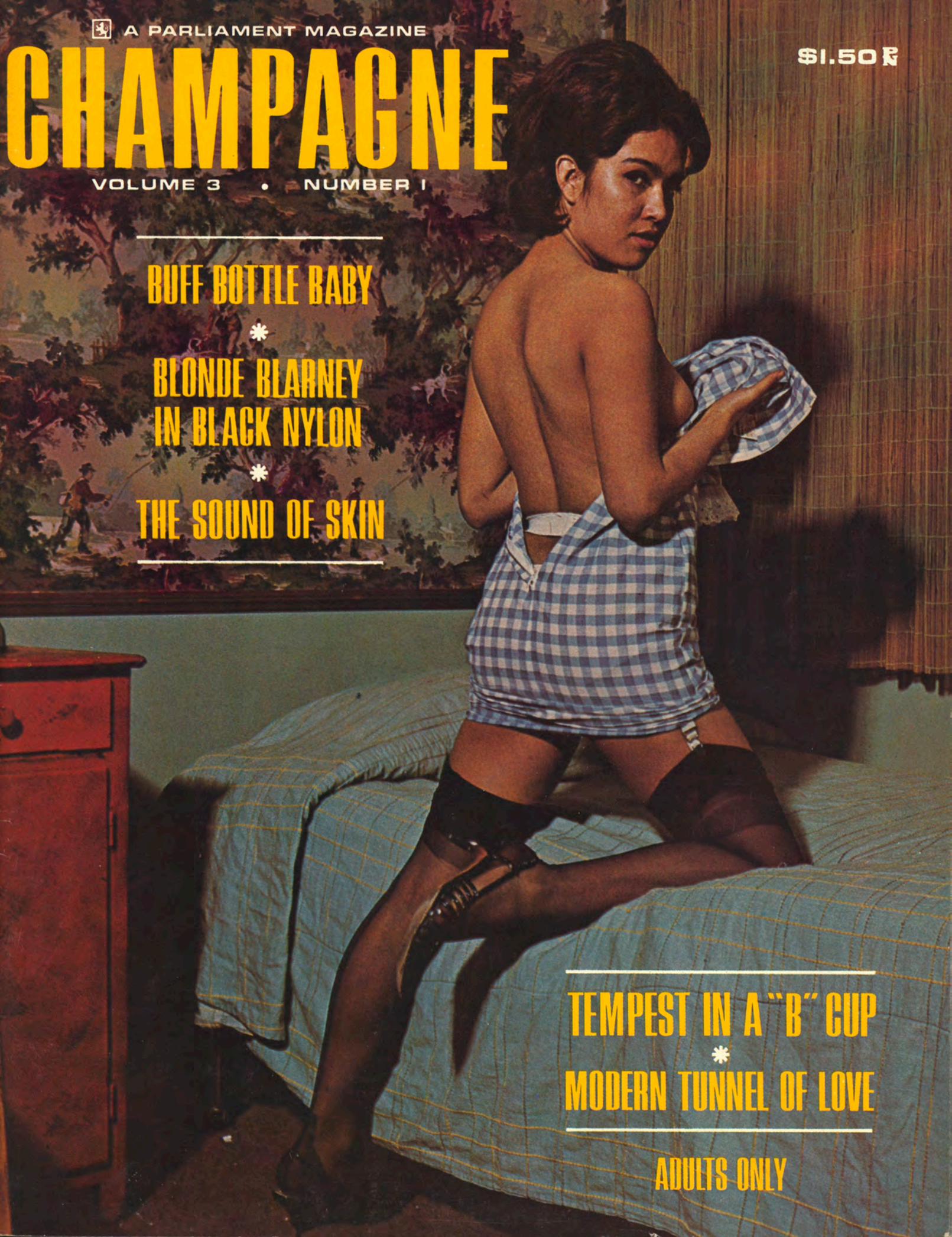
**BLONDE BLARNEY
IN BLACK NYLON**

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THE SOUND OF SKIN

TEMPEST IN A "B" CUP
*
MODERN TUNNEL OF LOVE

ADULTS ONLY



champagne

vol. 3 no. 1



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buff

It would be hard to find two people who are more unlike than the bearded, urbane Commander Whitehead and the tiny, pretty country girl, Jean Lawrence. They do have one thing in common, however. Both sell a bubbly liquid used extensively at any partytime. For any red-blooded male it isn't hard to say which is the better salesman. Jean's dad has a store where he sells certain brands of champagne in a large section of Texas, and she is his most effective means of popularizing it.



BOTTLE *baby*





Jean, a true daughter of Texas, more at home on horseback than in front of a typewriter, was quietly working in her father's store when he took on a new line of wine. With the help of Jean, he has virtually changed the drinking habits of this section of Texas. Her face and figure have been used in all the advertising.



Naturally Fermented
EST M 1852
in this Bottle

Paul Masson
CALIFORNIA
Champagne
BRUT
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS - SARATOGA, CA.



Ironically, Jean is pretty much of a non-drinker, having her first taste of champagne when they toasted the product to be sold by the store. She was brought up in the Texas wide open spaces and can balk like a stubborn mule when asked to go to a stuffy night club. An outdoor barbeque with good friends, followed by a moonlight horseback ride is Jean's idea of a perfect evening. Since she has been modeling with the oversized champagne magnums, Jean has had a number of offers to do television shows and other modeling jobs, but she has turned thumbs down on all of them. Basically a shy girl, this Texas beauty is perfectly willing to do her dad a good turn, but isn't about to make a career out of it.



"I hope it takes as long for
you to die as it did Shirley.
Have fun in Hell" she spat.



SET UP FOR SIN

An opportunist, he took what was available — jewels or beautiful women — till he went too far and got taken, but good, by a gorgeous, unforgiving doll.

BY BILL RUSSO

Luck was still riding with him. He grinned, closing the hotel room door. No one had seen him come up. He had at least an hour before that guy he'd sicked Jeri after limped out of her bedroom.

Jeri was a good kid. Built for speed and endurance. She'd been doing it part-time after finishing her nightly stint as a hat-check girl at one of the local dives. Until a smart, good-looking prince charming, namely him, Les Reinke, had talked that wigglesome redhead out of her customary fee — and into their present arrangement.

And a nifty setup it was, too. After they'd sighted a seemly-looking male prospect, he moved in first and checked out their target.

(Continued on Page 54)





Born twenty some-odd years ago on March 17th in Dublin; christened Jacqueline O'Brien; she's as Irish as a shamrock and twice as pretty. Her mother had planned to call her Mary, but dad was determined to honor a famous, if far removed, kin, Jake O'Brien, Erin's first world-renowned boxer. Dad is still head of the family in Ireland, which is why it is often called the Enchanted Isle. So she was Jackie O'Brien, heiress to pixie beauty and a gift of blarney that would charm a bird from the tree; a broth of a lass.

BLONDE BLARNEY



IN BLACK NYLON



Since she was knee-high to a leprechaun, Jackie has known what she wanted out of life. She wanted to see the world and meet the people beyond the green hills of Dublin. Her young, logical mind soon figured out that there are just two ways to travel. Either you buy a steamer ticket from the Cunard people, or you find a job or career that pays you to be a globetrotter. Since her hard-working family wasn't about to buy her a steamship ticket, Jackie had no trouble making her choice; it had to be her work that would show her the wonders of the world, and show the world Jackie.





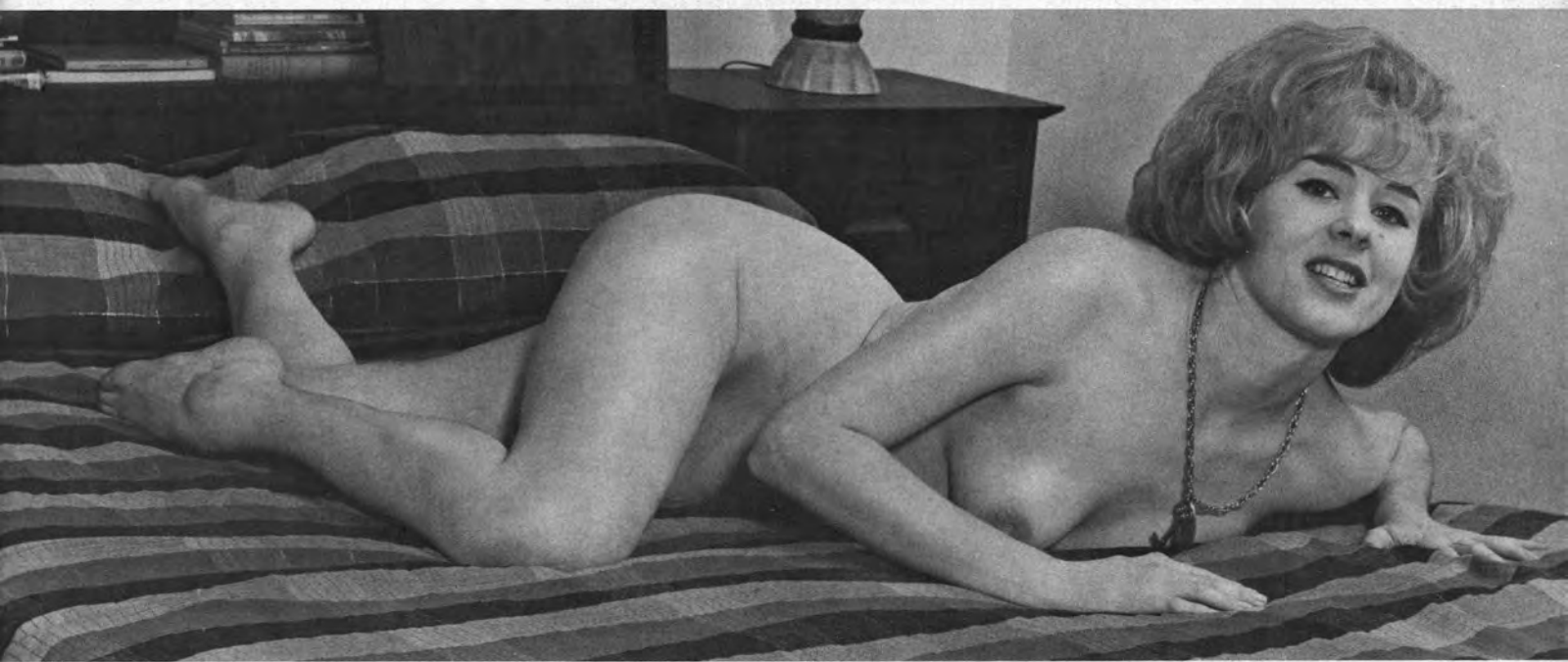
Stories in movie and theater magazines convinced the fast-blooming young lady that actresses have more fun than anyone and have that fun at the most fascinating spots on earth. That was it! She'd be an actress, and with the Abbey Players right in her Dublin backyard, she knew how to get started. But before applying for admittance in this great theater group, as a true daughter of Ireland, Jackie kept an important date at the Blarney Castle in County Cork. With full confidence in its magic powers, she kissed the Blarney Stone.



With her gift of blarney reinforced, blessed with Gaelic beauty and charm, full of wonder and ambition, nothing could stop Jackie from reaching the top. And nothing has. She joined the Abbey Players and got invaluable experience. Now, fully qualified as an actress, Jackie is in New York waiting for that big break she knows must come in time. After all, hasn't she given the Blarney Stone a big kiss?



In the meantime, Jackie is working hard to get rid of her rich, broad brogue. Not all of it, mind you, just a wee bit of it, so she can be understood outside of Dublin's fair city. While her name hasn't graced Broadway marquees yet, there is no lack of work for this blue-eyed lovely. As a lingerie model, she could have an accent thicker than molasses and still get the message across to buyers.



THE MODERN TUNNEL OF LOVE

A look at boating, babes and sexy skippers sailing for fun time on the high seize.

BY BRUCE FLEMING

It was on a Hollywood motion picture lot that a blonde ran screaming out of a producer's office. "Good God!" she yelled. "That beast offered me a part in his next picture on the condition that I spend the weekend with him on his yacht!" It was only a few minutes later that a shapely brunette sprinted out of the same office. "Do you know what that rat wanted?" she shouted. "He wanted me to sail to Catalina Island with him this weekend in return for a lousy part in his picture!" Then, a few minutes after that, a gorgeous redhead tore madly out of the producer's office and yelled to the receptionist: "Say, where the hell can I borrow a yachting outfit by five o'clock? I'm going to be the star in what's-his-name's new picture!"

Boats are the American man's newest hobby, and it has been said that there is no area in the United States that is over six hours by car and trailer from a body of water large enough to sail on. And it took the American bachelor only about one-tenth of a second to discover that boats are floating Tunnels of Love. Romance seems to be sweeter when accompanied by the gentle lapping of waves against the hull of a boat — the rhythmic rocking to and fro — the sound of soft music from a portable record player being wafted over the waves.

There are certain accepted standards of romance on a boat. These differ, depending on what kind of a boat a man has. For instance, there is the rowboat, with no power other than a man's arms. Rowboats should never be overloaded. A sailor nearly lost his life in Central Park in New York City when romancing in a boat. He was on leave from his ship and he radioed in to his Chief Petty Officer with a walkie-talkie,

asking for an extension of time because his leave was up the following day.

"What?" screamed the Chief Petty Officer. "You get back to this ship immediately!"

"But I can't come now, Chief," pleaded the sailor. "It would break up the party. There are twenty of us rowing around the lake in Central Park and we're having too much fun to stop the party now."

"But how will your leaving break up the party?" asked the Chief.

"Nineteen of us," explained the sailor, "are girls!" At that moment the Chief heard a gurgling sound from the walkie-talkie, and the boat sank from being overloaded. Everyone on board would have been drowned except for the fact that a two-man submarine had been following the rowboat and they surfaced and saved everyone but the sailor. They took the sailor back to his boat and the two men in the sub were packed in with nineteen girls until they ran out of liquor and beached the craft at a rest home.

*

Some bachelors are foolish enough to use their boats for fishing trips. One man, who had been carrying on a romance with a shapely blonde, took a number of his buddies and left from San Diego, California, to go down into Mexican waters to fish. The fishing turned out to be so good that they stayed a couple of weeks longer than they had intended to. One night the man called his girl on the ship-to-shore radio and he told her that they would return in a few days and that he had been without the company of a girl for so long that she had better be the first girl he'd meet after getting off the boat when they returned. Then he realized what a mistake he'd made going off and leaving his girl because she replied:

"Darling, you had just better make sure that you're the first *man* off that boat when you return!"

*

A man was sitting on the deck of his large yacht smoking his pipe one afternoon while the dockhands were carrying provisions onto the craft. The man noted with satisfaction an attractive brunette in a bikini who swivel-hipped past as she walked to the end of the dock. A few minutes later she undulated past again, and this time the man made a more unhurried inspection, but the girl seemed not to notice. When she

walked past a third time, he got up and approached her.

"Are you looking for a particular person?" he asked. The girl hitched up the top of her bikini as she took him in with a glance and then looked over his luxurious boat slowly.

"No," she said. "I'm satisfied if you are. But I have to be back by a week from next Friday."

*

There are some girls who do not take kindly to romance on the water. A shapely blonde left the pier in her little power boat one afternoon for some fishing. That night along towards dusk, the manager of the pier was amazed to see the girl swim back to the dock, painfully pull herself up the ladder and sit panting.

"You look terrible," said the manager. "Your hair is disheveled, your



stockings are gone, your blouse has been ripped in half, there are scratches on your face and arms, and your fingernails are broken. What happened to you? Were you run down by a drunken yachtsman?"

"No," snapped the girl, as she tried to protect her nearly naked body from the man's gaze, "but I was sure picked up by one!"

*

Some businessmen who have boats use them to hire secretaries for duty at sea. One man was interviewing a cute little brunette in the main salon of his large yacht one afternoon.

"What did you say your name was, Miss?" asked the employer.

"Miss Smith," replied the pert little girl.

"Well, Miss Smith," continued the man, "before I hire you as my secretary, I want to test your fitness for the job. But I must say that I am favorably impressed already. I'm impressed by your education, your cultural background, your evident

refinement and your alert intelligence. If your typing and shorthand and speed and accuracy are good, I'm sure you'll be just the girl for the job, and I'll put you on the payroll as of right now. Now, Miss Smith, is there anything you want to ask?"

"Yes," said the girl hesitantly, "could I please have my bra back before I go ashore?"

*

When all the boats are tied up to their moorings in the harbor, one sees some funny things. A bachelor was sitting on the deck of his boat having a drink late one night when he started to amuse himself by watching through the porthole of a nearby craft as a girl got dressed to go on a date. He knew the girl slightly and knew that her boyfriend would appear on the dock to take her to dinner shortly. The light in the girl's cabin was bright and the porthole was open as he watched the girl put on her bra and girdle. Then she pulled on some sheer nylon hose and hooked the tops to the garters hanging down from the girdle. Then she took her purse, removed some currency from it, folded it neatly, and started to secrete the money in the top of her girdle. This was more than the bachelor could stand. He jumped up from his chair, ran to the side of his boat and shouted across the water: "Not there! That's the first place he'll look!"

*

Some girls have peculiar ideas of ways to protect themselves when they go boating with men. A girl had brought a charge of assault against a man while they were out on his boat, and she was on the witness stand as the man's lawyer was questioning her. "You say," said the attorney, "that you were on this young man's boat and he attempted to force himself on you against your will?"

"Yes, he did," replied the girl.

"But isn't it true," continued the lawyer, "that you kissed him before he attempted this alleged assault?"

The girl's lawyer immediately jumped up and objected, but he was over-ruled.

"Answer my question," said the lawyer. "Didn't you kiss this man?"

"Yes, I did," replied the girl indignantly, "but it was in self-defense. I thought if he found out how badly I kissed, he wouldn't be so anxious to try anything else!"

*

Many photographers have boats because there is something appealing about a shapely girl in a scanty bathing suit photographed against a background of boat and sea. One shapely model with measurements of 37-19-36 had come from a small town and her first modeling job was on a sailboat that belonged to a photographer. After this assignment she took a trip home and was showing some of her photos to a girlfriend. When the friend came to a stack of "artistic" nude poses, she blushed and asked: "Is that really you, Rita?"

"Sure, it is," grinned Rita.

"But didn't you have *anything* on when those pictures were taken?" asked her girlfriend.

"Oh, I had something on all right," replied Rita. "The radio and a coffee pot!"

*



A husband who was hen-pecked bought a boat but didn't say anything about it to his wife. Then, to explain his many absences from home to take short cruises in his boat, he told her that he had joined a debating society. At first his wife was impressed, but soon she became suspicious. One night she hired a detective with a boat and they followed her husband's craft to where it was anchored in a lonely cove off the California coast. She boarded it with the detective and burst into her husband's cabin to find him making love to a gorgeous redheaded girl.

"But, darling," stammered the husband as he tried to explain, "there's a really *big* debate every time I want to make love to this girl!"

*

Two bachelors were partners in a beautiful new 45-foot power boat. One of the men had a beautiful blonde girlfriend and the other had a shapely brunette girlfriend and they had sworn never to make a

pass at the other's girl, as they took turns taking the girls out on the boat for weekends of romance. One day the man with the blonde girlfriend was telling his partner about the wonderful time he had the previous night on the boat.

"I met this new redhead," he said, "and first I took her to dinner at a swanky restaurant. Then we dropped by her apartment so she could pack a bag and then we came down to the boat and sailed over to Catalina Island. We anchored in a little cove, took off our clothes and went swimming in the nude. Then we got back on the boat, drank two pitchers of martinis — and then we went down to the cabin — and that girl—that girl! She's better than my blonde!" After letting that sink in, he went on: "And just to show you what a right guy I am, I've made the same arrangements for you tomorrow night. You take her to dinner, then bring her on the boat and go to Catalina — same girl —" So the next night the grateful partner did what had been arranged for him and the following morning he reported to his partner.

"You were right," he said. "We had a fine dinner, then dropped by her apartment so she could pack a bag — got on the boat — sailed to Catalina — went swimming in the nude — drank some double bourbons — and went down to the cabin, but that girl, I tell you, better than your blonde girlfriend *she is not!*"

*

Boats are sometimes used in international politics, too. A beautiful, large vessel (anchored off the coast of the French Riviera) was a luxurious bordello, and the madam was delighted when a French diplomat prevailed upon her to entertain a number of Russian diplomats who were in France for a conference. That night the members of the Red party were taken out to the boat and treated royally. Cognac and vodka flowed, and there seemed to be no end to the exquisite French girls in scanty attire on the scene. Early the following morning the French diplomat appeared and asked the madam for the bill.

"Forget it, Monsieur," said the madam. "There is no charge."

"No bill?" exclaimed the astonished diplomat. "May I ask why?"

"But, of course, Monsieur," smiled the patriotic French madam. "Last night we made a new series of postcards!"

• • •





POTLIGHT ON SKIN

The excitement and anticipation in the air is as noticable as cigar smoke in a politician's hotel room on convention eve, for this is backstage on opening night at Club Reno. It is a big night for the club, and the whole city of Reno for that matter, because making its first appearance is the world-famous revue featuring Barry Ashton's lovely showgirls. They have been a sensation wherever they've played, and that means just about all of the cities with laws liberal enough to allow the semi-nude show. *Vive Les Girls*, a tribute to feminine beauty, is what Barry calls this most entertaining revue which stars stunning showgirls from every corner of the globe, all speaking the universal language of eloquent beauty.



What the packed house behind the footlights saw was a smooth-running display of dancing, singing and comedy that will long be remembered in Reno. In true professional tradition, the girls left the hectic preparations backstage.



When the curtain went up for the opening number, the applause that greeted the lavish costumes, and lack of same, told the girls that their hard work was worth the effort, that they were another smash hit in another hard-to-please, sophisticated city. The usual bugaboos of opening night, failing mikes or spotlights, were happily conspicuous by their absence this night.





Every man who has waited in the parlor while his date gets dressed, knows that it is a long, dragged out business. With the gals in Barry Ashton's revue, the job of changing, hair fixing and making up has to be compressed into a matter of minutes, and sometimes even into seconds, if the split-second timing of the show is to be maintained. After an unhurried bow to acknowledge the applause, a girl might slowly stroll off stage and in the wings break into a sprint, dashing pell-mell to the dressing room so she can get ready for her next appearance. It can be a hectic life, but one that they would not trade for any other in the world.





Sophia Loren scouts the opposition. She and Jayne Mansfield meet at dinner party.



TEMPEST IN A "B" CUP

The favorite hobby of red-blooded men — classifying women by topside abundance — is new target of science/BY SCOTT RAINEY

A few months back, a Texas physician, Dr. Erwin O. Strassmann, clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Baylor University College of Medicine, set off a real hassle among the female gentry, and a minor hot war among the male supporters of the "haves" and the "have nots" in the mammary department.

Summed up, what the good doctor maintains, after forty years of studying females, is "the bigger the brain, the smaller the bosom; the bigger the bosom, the lower the IQ." Purely a mind versus *mammae*, clinically speaking, but you could hear the screams of anguished outrage from Hollywood to Rome, and it was followed by some long, loud and very raucous "last laughs" from

some of the less endowed by nature.

Now, no girl wants to admit to the ancient label "beautiful but dumb," so it's understandable why such chesty charmers as Jayne Mansfield, Jayne Russell and Diana Dors would put up a howl. A lot of small-breasted women who have proven their academic and intellectual skills in other fields than stripping on a night club floor, or appearing almost undressed before a movie camera, just nodded and said knowingly, "I told you so."

Such notable boy-shapes as Ida Lupino tend to prove that the doctor is right, for Miss Lupino is not only a most capable dramatic actress, but produces TV shows and movies, and also directs them.

Though high in the sex appeal and beauty departments, Liz Taylor is not particularly noteworthy in the bosom department, and when it comes to getting a firm legal hold on a few million bucks, and hanging onto them with some shifty broken-field running that would put a pro footballer to shame, Miss Taylor shows she has both gall and brains — as Eddie Fisher will testify anytime.

Interviewers have come away from sessions with other trim little ladies like Debbie Reynolds and Natalie Wood and state without hesitation that maybe these gals were goofing off somewhere when the bosoms were dished out, but they got more than their share of brains.

But these ladies have already proved the point that sex appeal can be combined with brains, with or without a 38-C brassiere. It's the more richly endowed who seem to feel that they must defend themselves — from the neck up, at least.

Of course, one of the first to take up the cudgel with which to beat Strassmann's theory to earth, was a vociferous fellow-Texan named Vera Jayne Palmer — better known as Jayne Mansfield to girl watchers throughout the world. Jayne boasts proudly that her daddy was a lawyer and her mommy a schoolteacher, but gynecologists maintain that intellect is 95% the product of environment, and very little influenced by hereditary factors. Still, being raised by a schoolteacher and a legal brain gives Jayne a strong arguing point.

And, what a lot of people do not know about Jayne is that this "dizzy blonde" image is a package of box office sales gimmicks, and little else, for little Jayne graduated from Dallas High School with honors, and then went to the University of Texas, Southern Methodist and later to U.C.L.A. She was a music major and minored in dramatics, and if nothing else, she learned to act the "dumb blonde" to perfection, and to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Also, Miss Mansfield's obvious physical charms and her facial beauty have caused fans to overlook the fact that she is an accomplished violinist, and plays more than passing fair on the piano, bass and viola.

Jayne states that her physical attributes were always more of a handicap than an asset (though every red-blooded male doubts it), because directors took one look at her and decided instantly that she wasn't cut out for serious dramatic roles. Jayne couldn't fight the war on any other fronts, so she grudgingly went along with the sex symbol casting, determined to one day show that she is a brainy, dead-serious dramatic actress.

The only "falsies" that Jayne Mansfield has are her platinum dyed hair (it's brown, naturally) and that phony dumb act she puts on, but while many Hollywood actresses sit quietly stagnating as they wait for the part that befits their dramatic ability, Jayne goes merrily about, playing the dumb blonde, and makes millions (and millions of males happy).

"Sure, I've got a shape," Jayne

says somewhat angrily (bust 40, waist 22, hips 35 inches respectively). "But you've got to have brains too, to get where I am in this industry." There are those who argue that "with that body, who needs brains?", but Miss Mansfield has a working combination of both, in abundance. And if you're in doubt, Jayne's taken tests, and has an I.Q. (Intelligence Quotient) of 162 — and that's a hell of a lot higher than most attorneys, college professors and business tycoons.

There are many stars today that make Dr. Strassmann's theory look as unstable as the leaning tower of Pisa. One such is Tina Louise; no slouch in the bosom department, and certainly a capable actress, and an exciting singer. Tina is tall, but has perfect proportions of 37-24-37. Tina didn't have to develop her brains if she hadn't chosen to, for she's the society daughter of an oil millionaire, but she is constantly studying. She already speaks Italian and Russian, and is studying other languages. She studied drama and hypnosis, and attended Miami University (Oxford, Ohio) and Scarborough Preparatory School.

Recently-married Kim Novak, is another actress who has been tabbed as all pulchritude and no gray matter. In reality, Kim (37-23-37) is known in her most intimate circle of friends and acquaintances as a talented sculptress and painter. Fellow actors and directors and other movie people have long ago learned that this is not just another vapid creature of beauty, but a very intellectual young lady, who can hold her own conversationally on many subjects.

Helen Gahagan Douglas, actress-wife of Melvyn Douglas, was elected to Congress by Californians, after she demonstrated that she was not only a beautiful and capable actress, but a woman of brains, integrity and ability.

Julie Newmar is another surprisingly intellectual woman. She also is tall — 5 feet 10, and 38-23-38, and she astounds acquaintances and fellow performers by quietly going aside in her spare moments on a movie set or Broadway rehearsals and working out problems in solid geometry, or studying philosophy. Julie is extremely conversant with the philosophies of Aristotle and Spinoza and many others. Julie's father is a professor who teaches engineering and physical education at Los Angeles State College, while



Diana Dors, singing at Las Vegas, proves that an abundant figure and brains can come in one neat package.

her mother is a former Ziegfeld showgirl. Julie graduated high school at 15, and enrolled at the Sorbonne for a year. She is also a talented painter and a skilled singer, clothing designer and classical pianist.

(Continued on Page 60)



"There will always be an England" — especially if they come up with good ideas like Kay Stevens. This regal, honey-haired charmer is the semi-official television tucker-in-bed for the British Isles. When the British Broadcasting Corporation is ready to call it a day (it can be anytime from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M.) they call on lovely Kay to say a warm goodnight. The BBC hired her as a secret weapon to combat the audience-capturing commercial network which recently hit the English airways. Miss Stevens isn't a weapon — she's an arsenal.



"TELLY'S" TANTALIZING TEMPTRESS





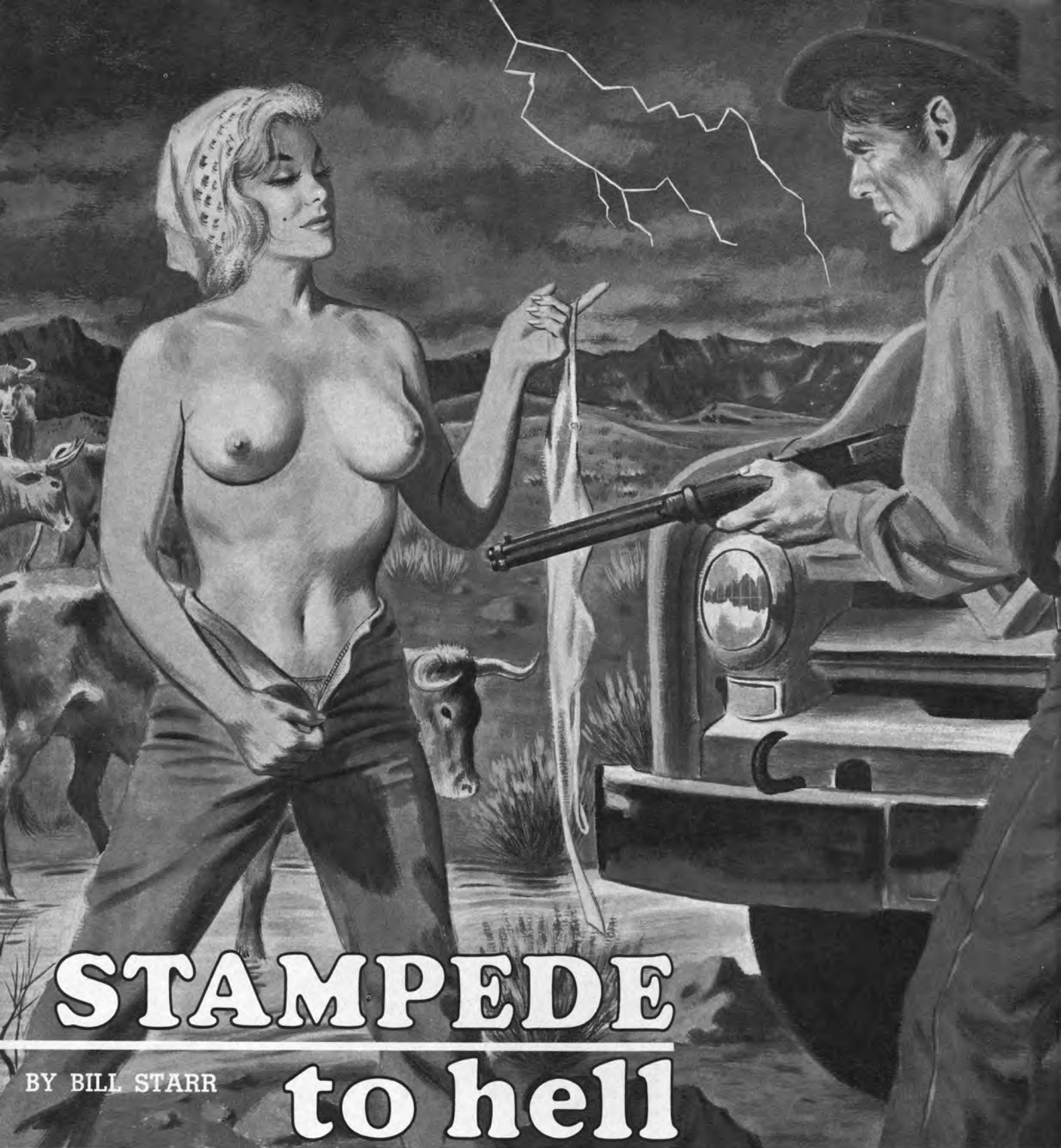
Kay, a show business veteran still in her early twenties, has never had a more challenging or more satisfying assignment in her life. Her goodnight comments are strictly ad-lib without the benefit of a script writer, an Edith Head or a make-up artist. With her soothing, almost hypnotic voice, Kay informally chats about the more pleasant items in the day's news, closing with an inspirational thought. It is the most effective sleep-inducer since ether. Now, this might seem like a simple job for a talented gal, but there is more to it than meets the eye, and a great deal does meet millions of tired British orbs. Kay has to spend many hours in research to come up with new thoughts for each night. So far she has managed to stay fresh and entertaining and a rating-grabber on "telly".



Kay's nightly, intimate electronic session with sleepy-eyed Britishers has brought her more offers than she can possibly fill. Offers for dramatic TV roles, nightclubs and movies have all poured in, but she says she's not giving up her "nighty-night" bit.







STAMPEDE to hell


BY BILL STARR

He found vicious, desperate cattle rustlers, lonely, love-starved women, lead-spitting guns, and deadly, pounding hoofs as he fought for justice and his sanity in today's mechanized West.

Don't let anyone tell you that the Old West has been completely tamed. We might not have Indian raids for breakfast, Buffalo stampedes for lunch, and a gun fight or two along about suppertime, but that doesn't mean that everybody this side of the Mississippi has settled down to playing nursemaid to a TV set. Of course, we've got some big cities and modern highways

packed with smog and traffic jams, the same as anyplace else. But there's still plenty of wide open spaces out here, and plenty of men big and tough enough to take what they want. Naturally, we have to have other men who see to it that what they take doesn't already belong to somebody else. Such a man was Bob Travis.

Bob's friends thought that, if he



"Take a good look, honey," she purred. "Take a long, last look at what you'll be missing while I'm locked up."

there wasn't a whole lot about ranching and hunting and outdoor life in general that he didn't know. It was a good background for his job as a range detective and in time he became one of the best in our part of southern Idaho.

Probably not many city people have even heard of a range detective. He's sort of a private investigator on horseback. Ranch owners usually hire one when they're troubled by rustlers. Yes, I said rustlers. Strange as it may seem, there's more cattle rustling done on American ranges today than in frontier times. There're more cattle to be rustled, for one thing. Also, the cattle are fatter and worth more on the market and easier to sell. In the old days rustlers sold their loot on the hoof, which meant that they had to disguise the rightful owner's brand. The modern cow-thief butchers his beef on the spot and hauls it off in a truck. It's neat, hard to trace, and very profitable.

Not that we law enforcement officers don't do our best to catch the rustlers in the act. I'm a deputy sheriff and we've tried everything from old-fashioned posses to spotting criminals from helicopters. But the rustlers, operating in rough terrain on dark nights, have everything in their favor. The best anti-rustler weapon is still what it was a hundred years ago — a man on horseback who is as tough and determined as the rustlers themselves are. That's where Bob Travis came in.

Bob told me later that this was the most dangerous case of his career. And that's about all he told me. He never did talk much about his work, and I had to piece the story together from what witnesses told us and the clues we found at the scene of the crime.

It was a hot night near the end of summer. There would have been a half-moon, but the sky was overcast by dark clouds that couldn't seem to decide if they wanted to rain or not. Occasionally a lightning flash would flick on the horizon and thunder would roll across the hills like buckshot in a drum. The windless air hung in curtains from the tree limbs around Bob. He was squatting on a low hilltop overlooking a hollow with a small creek trickling through it. All of the land around him was owned by the Three-Bar-X spread, the outfit that Bob was working for. In the past four months the

ranch had lost more than a hundred head of prime beef steers and Bob suspected that the rustlers would strike next in this hollow. The water attracted cattle here and, if that wasn't enough, someone had been spreading salt around the creekbank. Now all Bob had to do was wait, and he was a very patient man.

Bob stood up to stretch his lanky legs and feed his horse a handful of oats. He wished he could smoke. More than that, he wished he had a woman. Not just any woman, but Phyllis Beecher. Phyllis was a barmaid at the Cattle Queen Hotel in town and Bob had taken a shine to her the first day she had gone to work there a few months ago. He had lots of competition, with her being such a looker, and his natural bashfulness didn't make things any easier. But Phyllis seemed to think more of him than the others. And she wasn't the kind of cheap tramp you'd expect to find working in such a place, either. No, sir, she had real class. For the first time in his twenty-nine years, Bob found himself thinking about marriage. Only his fear that Phyllis would laugh in his face had kept him from proposing before this.

Suddenly Bob's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a muffled engine. A heavy truck was coming up the dirt road that cut through one end of the hollow. Bob couldn't see the truck but he could hear sideboards rattle as it bounced over bumps and holes in the road. He tethered his horse and checked his Winchester, then started down the hill on foot. He knew approximately where the truck would stop and wanted to give the rustlers enough time to spread out. There would probably be three or four of them and at least two would be needed to round up the cattle. Bob's plan was to surprise the ones guarding the truck and lay a trap for the others.

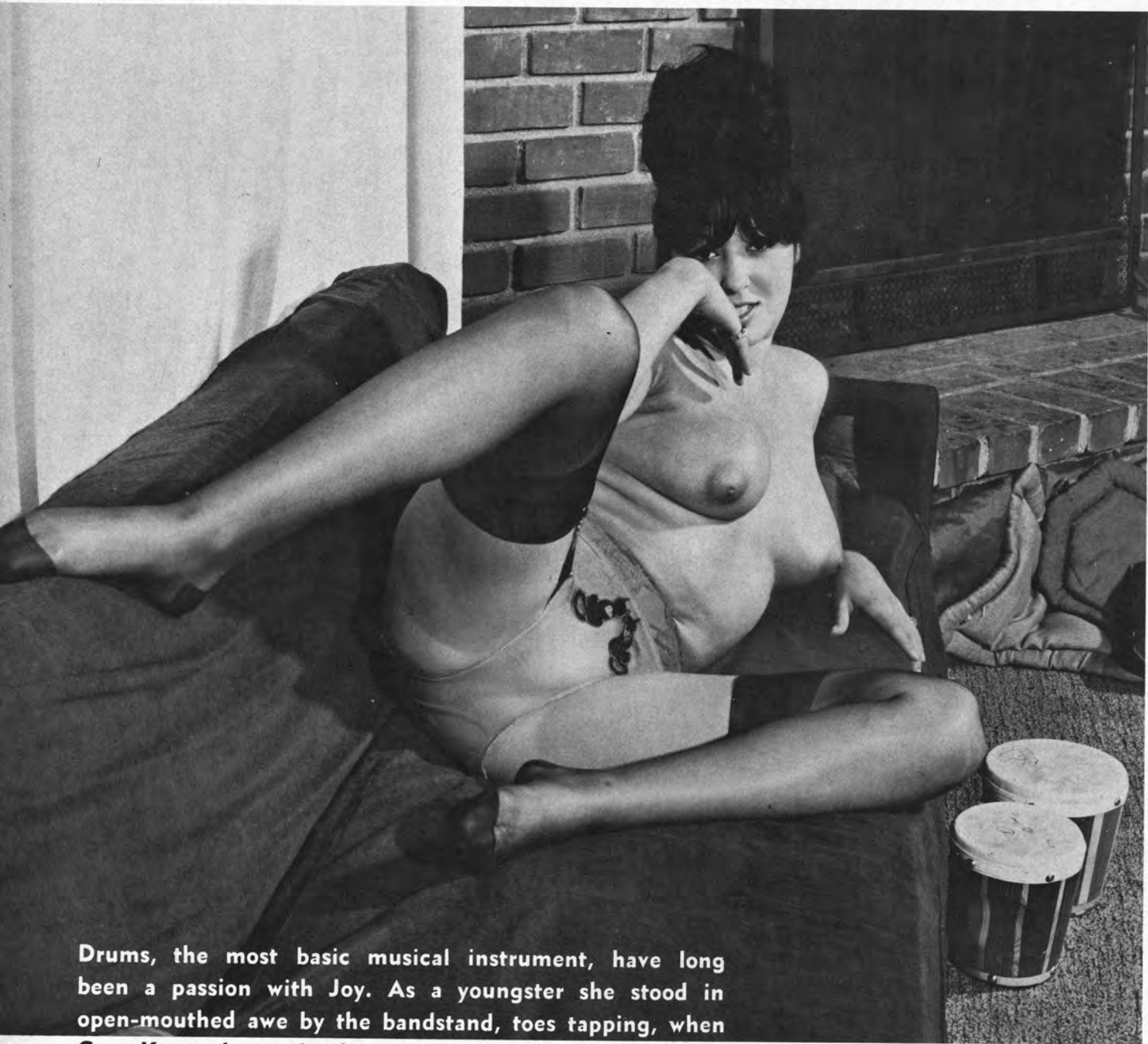
The dark bulk of the truck loomed up as Bob worked his way through the bushes along the creekbank. A few cattle were already milling around it, licking at the salt. In the cab of the truck a cigarette glowed. Bob crept up alongside and gently poked his rifle barrel through the window. "Don't even make one little squeak, mister," he whispered warningly.

A sharp intake of breath and the rustle of a falling cigarette were the

hadn't been so camera shy, he would have made a good movie cowboy. Not the slick-haired pretty-boy type you see these days, but the long, lean, hell-for-leather studs that real westerners like Gary Cooper used to play. Bob grew up in Wyoming. From the time he was old enough to sit a horse he was punching cattle and busting broncs in rodeos. He didn't have much schooling, but

(Continued on Page 66)

SOUND OF SKIN



Drums, the most basic musical instrument, have long been a passion with Joy. As a youngster she stood in open-mouthed awe by the bandstand, toes tapping, when Gene Krupa, her early idol, took off for a few hot-lick solos on the skins. Gene hasn't given us his wonderful beat for years, but Joy hasn't forgotten the big sound of skin.







Joy's fascination with the primitive beat that can come from a set of Bongo drums has led to her present work as an exotic dancer. It all started at informal parties Joy frequently held at her apartment when some good friends would casually drop in for an evening of chit-chat and good music. The party never seemed complete until the



Bongos were hauled out and the sound of vibrating skin was in the air. Joy would soon find herself dancing her interpretation of the musical beat. On a dare they signed Joy for an amateur night tryout at one of the local night spots. With her friends beating out the rhythm, Joy did her dance and that was the birth of a career.









Without a doubt Heidi is the prettiest refugee from behind the Iron Curtain that America has ever seen. She landed on these shores a few months ago and understandably won't talk about how she made her escape; it is enough that this attractive young lady is here and trying to start life anew. She wants to become completely Americanized as soon as she can, even taking on the Yankee name of Mary Anne. To her few close friends, she has confided she was a popular cover girl in East Germany.

COVER GIRL UNCOVERED

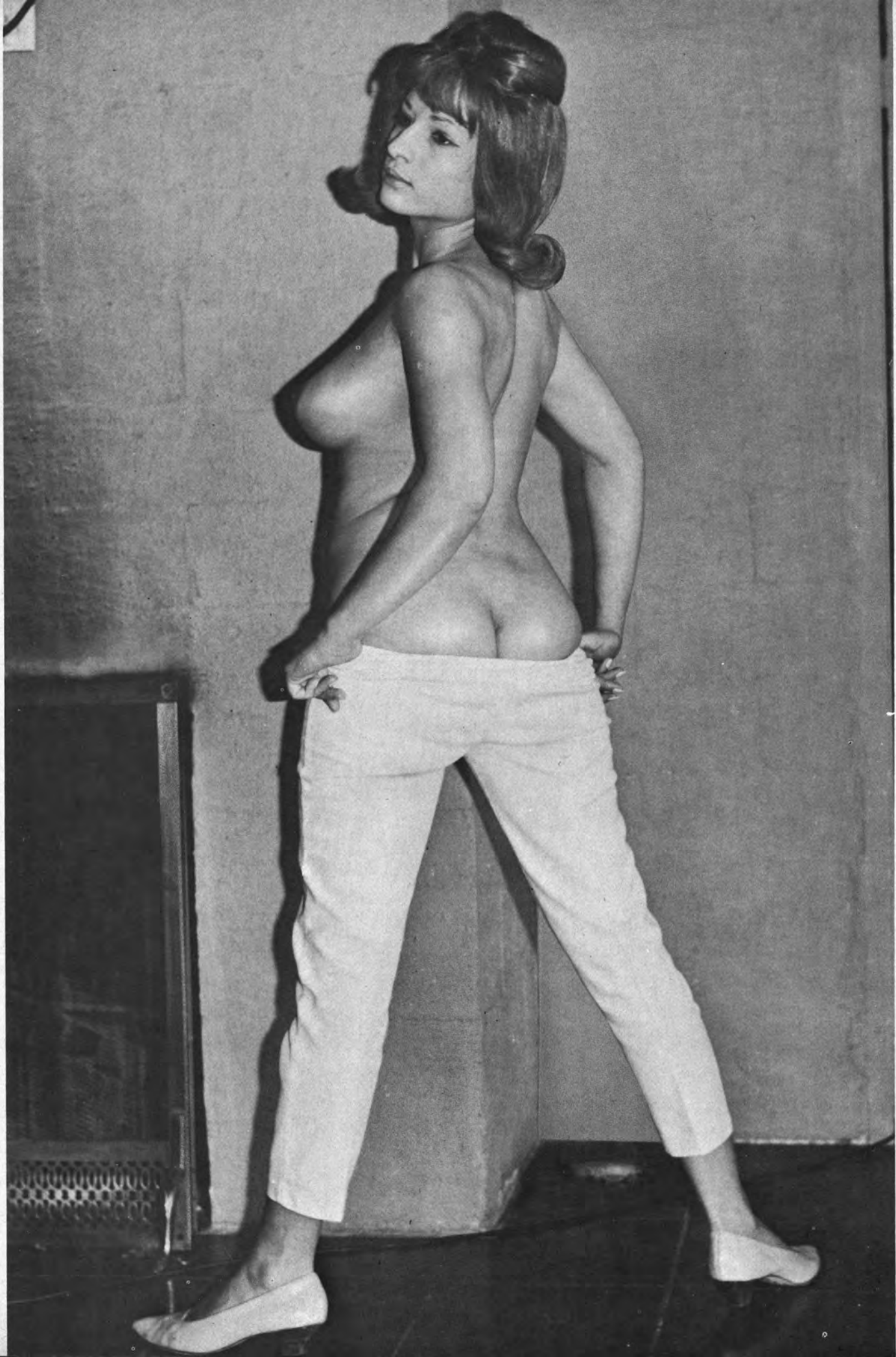




Mary Anne (we'll call her by her new American name) certainly had a better life behind the curtain than most of the citizens, for she was given extra privileges afforded only a few of the outstanding athletes, artists and celebrities, but it wasn't enough for this beauty who wanted freedom above all. That, of course, is the one thing no one can have no matter how valuable to the State he is. It took much careful planning and much courage for Mary Anne to make her big move. But make it she did, and now all of her time and efforts are aimed at building a new life in the theater.



English lessons, dancing lessons, modeling jobs and meeting new friends take up her time now, but she plans soon to tour the United States and get acquainted with her new homeland, preferably with a theater troupe.



DIVORCE. DIVORCE. BRITISH STYLE

The accepted picture of Englishmen as the very essence of restraint, understatement and orderly living gets blasted in this examination of British divorce testimony.

If Mrs. Anita Goodman had not taken it into her hot little head to sue her husband for divorce in a London court last February, this definitely non-millionaire English artisan might have gone on indefinitely living a domestic life Tommy Manville might have envied in his heyday.

In giving her grounds for a divorce, Mrs. Goodman stated that for upwards of three years she had shared her marital bed, board and roof with a buxom 24-year-old blonde named Dorothy Bussey and another young woman, unnamed in the court petition. Miss Bussey appeared as Mrs. Goodman's chief witness.

After listening to the details of Goodman's domestic life, the judge described it as being "bizarre in the extreme".

Bizarre?

Well, it all depends upon the point of view.

The chief mystery in the Goodman revelations remains the long-lasting nature of the Goodman charm that not only attracted the women but enabled him to sweet-talk his wife into accepting one mistress in her home — then to sweet-talk her into accepting two.

Had Goodman not lost his sexual head and shown favoritism toward the anonymous third female, it is highly unlikely the others would have aired his harems in court. As it is, the multiple-Lothario is in for a bushel, or at least a peck, of legal trouble before he can make a second start at playing the Turk.

Still — "bizarre in the extreme?"

Less womaned by one was the upstate New York small-town attorney immortalized by Bugs Baer — but at least as bizarre sexually as Good-



Christine Keeler makes appearance at Old Bailey court to give testimony that rocked the government and world.

man. This lawyer kept a woman for eleven years (not his wife) in a tiny bedroom-and-bath suite, no larger than a large closet, opening off his inner office.

For more than a decade, she remained immured in these surroundings, eating meals brought in by her legal-beagle keeper and enjoying sexual intercourse with him between conferences.

At the end of that time, suffering acutely from cabin fever, she broke out and ran screaming down the main street in a nightgown — incidentally, the only garment she had left to her name.

Until this historic outbreak, no one, save the lawyer and herself, even knew of her existence.

In a world well larded with sexual bizarreness, the Murngin clan of far Australian Arnhem Land rate high on the ladder of multiple eccentric-

city. This is epitomized by a festival called the Gunabibi, for which men and women often travel considerable distances, perhaps because the Gunabibi includes considerable ritual mating.

Motivation for these festivals comes when a tribe member learns that a member of another village is his tribal brother. Upon this discovery, he dispatches a younger brother to inform the distant "brother" of the relationship, and also to invite him, in true fraternal spirit, to enjoy copulation with his wife.

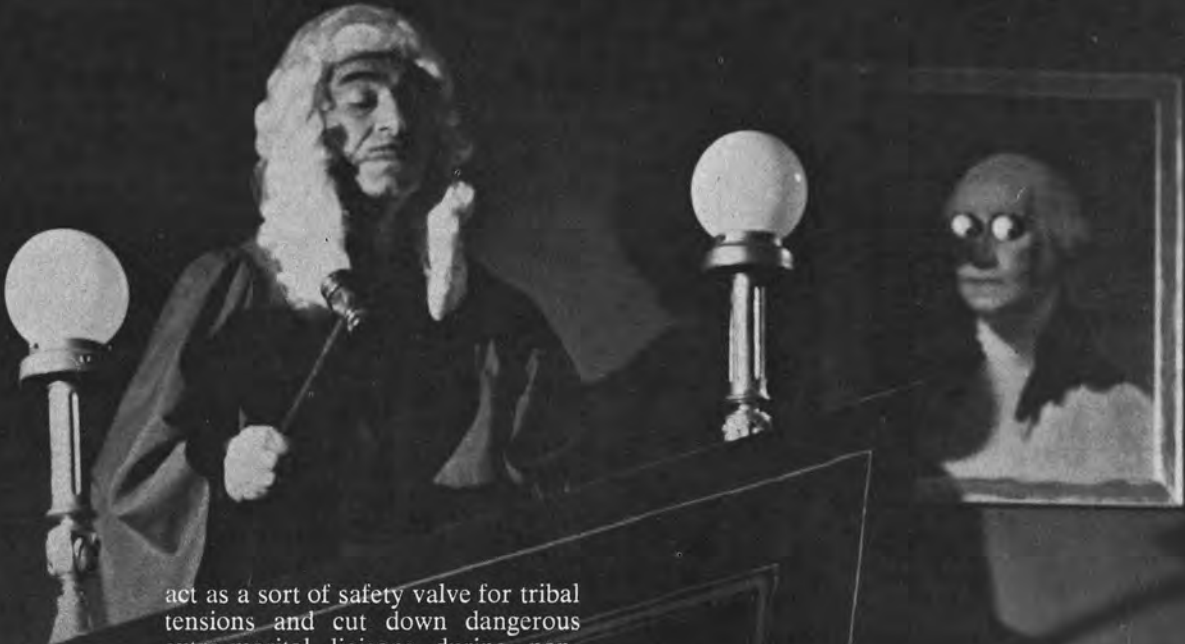
The invitee at once suggests a wife-swap and sends the kid brother-messenger back with presents. Thus is a respectable (by Murngin standards) wife-swap arranged, which involves most of the inviting village.

When extra-marital desire overcomes the urge for respectability, and no distant tribal brother turns up, less conventional Gunabibis are arranged on a simple, one-tribal wife-swap basis.

After much ritual feasting, music and dancing, the husbands exchange gifts with each other's wives, and the real fun begins. This is repeated for several days and nights, usually winding up with a gang-bang, since the men almost invariably outnumber the women, and everybody wants his share.

If any husband objects, he is just about read out of the tribe. If a wife shows reluctance, she is told she will die. If this fails to bring her to compliance, she usually does die, either via voodoo or the points of a dozen or more spears.

It is the sincere belief of the Murngins that such mass orgies, conducted with respectability (again, according to Murngin standards)



act as a sort of safety valve for tribal tensions and cut down dangerous extra-marital liaisons during non-Gunabibi months.

However, Mr. Goodman's bizarre domesticity belongs to the plural wife or polygamy department rather than merely a ritual swapping of wives. For all that, it would be nice to have the details of some of the rituals he practiced with his three-year, all-girl trio.

B. Malinowski, one of the world's great anthropologists and students of human erotic behavior, suggests in his voluminous writings on the subject that Goodman's voluptuous nights of delight may have been a bit less ecstatic than the reader may presuppose.

"As a rule, a polygamous cohabitation is a successive monogamy, and not joint domesticity," he states with the heavy voice of authority.

Brigham Young might well have agreed, since it was his custom to keep his nineteen Mormon spouses in separate apartments or separate houses and visit them in a regular rotation that must in time have developed into routine.

Other authorities reveal to sad fact that even in polygamous societies only a bit more than one percent of the male population enjoys more than one wife at a time. As usual, the bon-bons fall to the rich and powerful, with the average Joe Blow being left out in the desert rather than the oasis.

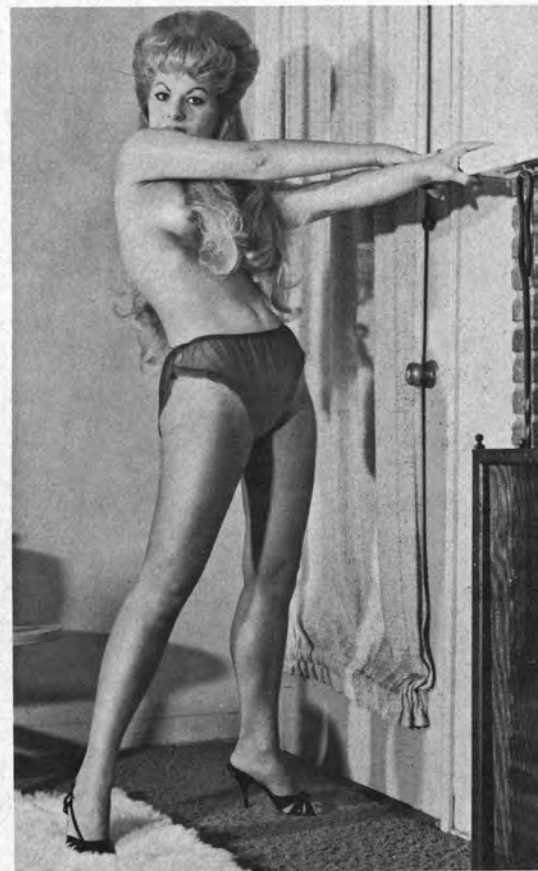
In line with Malinowski's theory, the currently aging long-time playboy, Tommy Manville, the asbestos heir, must rate high as a multiple marrier. True, his parade of beauti-

By Milton Pauling



(Continued on Page 55)

TEMPTRESS IN TRESSES



A woman's hair has been called her crowning glory and Sherrie is one gal who never forgets that slightly old-fashioned saying. Her own flowing, golden tresses are her pride and glory.







While her silken, waist-length tresses are Sherrie's source of pride, other women's locks are her source of revenue. She is the guiding light, and incidentally the owner, of a smart hair salon in the windy city of Chicago. It was natural for Sherrie to go into the hairdressing profession because she has been giving advice to envious gals who would like to duplicate her startling coiffure for many years. It was when she was still in high school that she decided to let her naturally blonde, curly hair grow to its full length. No matter what the current style was — short, pageboy, etc. — she watched her hair grow longer and more beautiful with the passing years. She also got tired of answering the question, "Does she or doesn't she?" At least, she got tired of answering it for free. So the next step was to open her hair salon.









Her new shop meant a new way of life for Sherrie. It meant for the first time she could stay in her home town for any length of time. Formerly, she sang with dance bands which seemed to be booked in every city in America except her own beloved Chicago where Sherrie grew up. Now she is through with one-night-stands forever, and couldn't care less about being away from the so-called glamour of the bandstand. Her friends from the world of show biz often drop in to see her, but the talk is about hair arranging not music arrangements.

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SET UP FOR SIN

(Continued from Page 11)

Like with this thin-haired joker named Phillip Magnan. A bonded sales representative for a national jewelry distributor.

Les Reinke rubbed his carefully manicured hands together while his expert gaze roved swiftly around the expensive hotel suite. Now, where was that sample case good old Phil had confided he hadn't bothered to tuck safely away?

"Hotel safes are a damned nuisance," Magnan had mumbled while in the process of imbibing at the third consecutive double scotch Les had invested in. "I've been making the swing through this territory for close to twelve years — never had the least bit of trouble," the older man had boasted.

He'd also willingly divulged the estimated worth of the assortment of gems in his sample case. A cool \$75,000 worth of sparkling ice. Worth a neat minimum of \$20,000 from any reliable fence.

Les hummed as he conducted a short and efficient search. And his talented efforts were successful. He rolled back the mattress and removed the flat leather case from its resting place amid the bedsprings. Easy. One of the first places any remotely intelligent rock collector would look.

Because there was plenty of time, Les decided to expend a bit of additional foraging. He rifled the contents of the bureau drawers and came up with some handsome gold cuff links. He never wore them himself, but they were too nice to pass up.

He grinned, staring at a picture he uncovered while he was rummaging through Phillip Magnan's monogrammed, alligator hide suitcase. The picture was a blow-up of a snapshot. It showed the lecherous, middle-aged gem peddler standing on a pier or something with his arm around a luscious young blonde.

Les chortled in good-natured glee at his next find. A complete set of credit cards. Why hell! There wasn't any worthwhile credit source missing — that plastic-encased deck of charge plates covered everything from rent-a-car to an account with some of the best men's clothiers in the Midwest!

Someone rapped on the door just as Les Reinke was pocketing the accordion packet of credit cards. He froze in the act of withdrawing

his hand from the patch pocket of his sport jacket.

Had the hotel security officer been alerted? Despite his caution, had someone tagged him using a passkey to slip into that seventh-floor suite?

There was the fire escape. Les stared towards the windows, then whipped a harried scowl back at the door as the series of light raps was repeated.

"Mr. Magnan? May I please talk to you for a few moments?"

Les blinked at the soft, dulcet sounds of the voice that called in through the closed door. A babe. Not the hotel dick but some bit of fluff who knew that balding creep Jeri was keeping busy.

Maybe, he could get rid of her.

He advanced warily. "Not now," he said brusquely through the door. "Come back some other time. I'm not feeling well just now."

She didn't go away. "Please. This won't take long, Mr. Magnan. You don't know me but I think you may want to."

Now that was intriguing as all hell! If her face and figure were anything close to as excitingly sexy as her voice, he damn well did want to know her!

He fitted the passkey to the lock again. He had the jewelry case tucked beneath his left arm as he guardedly opened the door a scant few inches.

She was a young brunette. The dark blue suit filled out by her curves confirmed immediately to Les Reinke that her facial beauty did indeed extend all the way down to the tips of her toes.

"You caught me about to leave, Miss, er — ?"

"Jensen. Myra Jensen," the smiling dark-haired doll supplied. Her brown eyes went over what was visible of Les through the narrow crack. "Perhaps I could give you a lift, Mr. Magnan. Did you say you were ill? I —"

"Me? No, I only said that because I thought you were someone else," Les Reinke said. He thought he detected a slight tightening of her full-lipped smile. "I'll switch off the lights in here. We can talk on our way down to the lobby," he said, groping for the wall switch.

He opened the door and stepped out into the corridor, using his free hand to pull the door shut after him. The babe standing close beside him reeked of exquisitely potent per-

(Continued on Page 61)

DIVORCE BRITISH STYLE

(Continued from Page 47)

ful blonde showgirl wives was successive rather than simultaneous, but they came and went so rapidly (each with her own lavish separation settlement) that Manville might even have given Brigham Young pause.

This lusty Westchester squire also, for many years, kept on hand and around his well-guarded mansion, a number of cuties he called his "secretaries" — this, although the actual amount of secretarial work they accomplished amongst them would hardly have filled a single pair of drawers (filing cabinet drawers, of course!).

These, Manville presumably employed to pass his time when his wives were indisposed or had run home to their lawyers or mamas.

The true mark of Goodman's achievement is that, without either wealth, power or connections to any notable degree, he established a harem in the well-policed center of one of the most anti-polygamy-minded nations of the world — and held it together for three years.

This took a bit of doing. Even when the going is rosiest for sexpot males with plural-wife households, the job of keeping a number of simultaneous bedmates reasonably contented is on a par with being final judge of a small town beautiful-baby contest 365 days (and nights) a year (366 during leap years).

The English courts, which in a typical understatement termed Goodman's cozy arrangement as bizarre, frowns on undue press coverage of their wilder cases. Un-British ya' know.

Goodman rated only a few lines in the papers. Once in a while, however, a Profumo scandal hits their calendar and even the British press is unable to gloss over it.

John Profumo, of the war ministry, was just too prominent to pull off extra-marital shenanigans, ala Goodman, without the world getting into the act vicariously. By the time the dirty linen had been aired in Old Bailey, Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies had become household words and had gone on to nightclub stardom. Dr. Stephen Ward had committed suicide and the government was nearly toppled. British actress Valerie Hobson and our own Doug Fairbanks, Jr., lent their glamour to the main cast of the juicy drama.

The aftermath of the Profumo mess kept the British divorce courts busy for months. Britain might not

have the highest divorce rate in the world, but it is hard to deny they have the most bizarre — just like the judge said.

As an oil-rich prince of Saudi Arabia admitted at Deauville to an American public relations operator not long ago, "I have to come to Europe twice a year to get a vacation. You have no idea what a job it is.

"If I give one of my wives a present — they must all have presents as good or better. I embrace one of my children, and I'm lucky if the child is not poisoned by the jealous mothers of my other children."

"What about sex?" the prince was asked by the American. "Surely, you must get plenty of that?"

"Nothing to what I get here in France," was the reply. "And the whole business of maintaining a harem is so expensive. You have no idea!"

"Then," he was asked, "why do you bother?"

"Because," the prince replied, "it is a part of my responsibility. It is a duty I must fulfill. It is expected of me."

The American told friends later that, for all of the prince's grumbling about the aches and pains of having a harem full of wives, he was reminded of more than one rich man he had known who forever grumbled about the problems of great wealth.

"Somehow," he said, "I had the feeling he'd have fought to the death for every one of his wives — obligation and all."

Perhaps, in the aftermath to Goodman's bizarre London polygamous household, we shall learn how he feels about it. But it's a safe bet, whatever the courts decide to do with him, that he'll start all over again the moment he has the chance.

Harems may be a headache — but they're apparently habit forming as well.



"So that's called a 'Hootenanny'."

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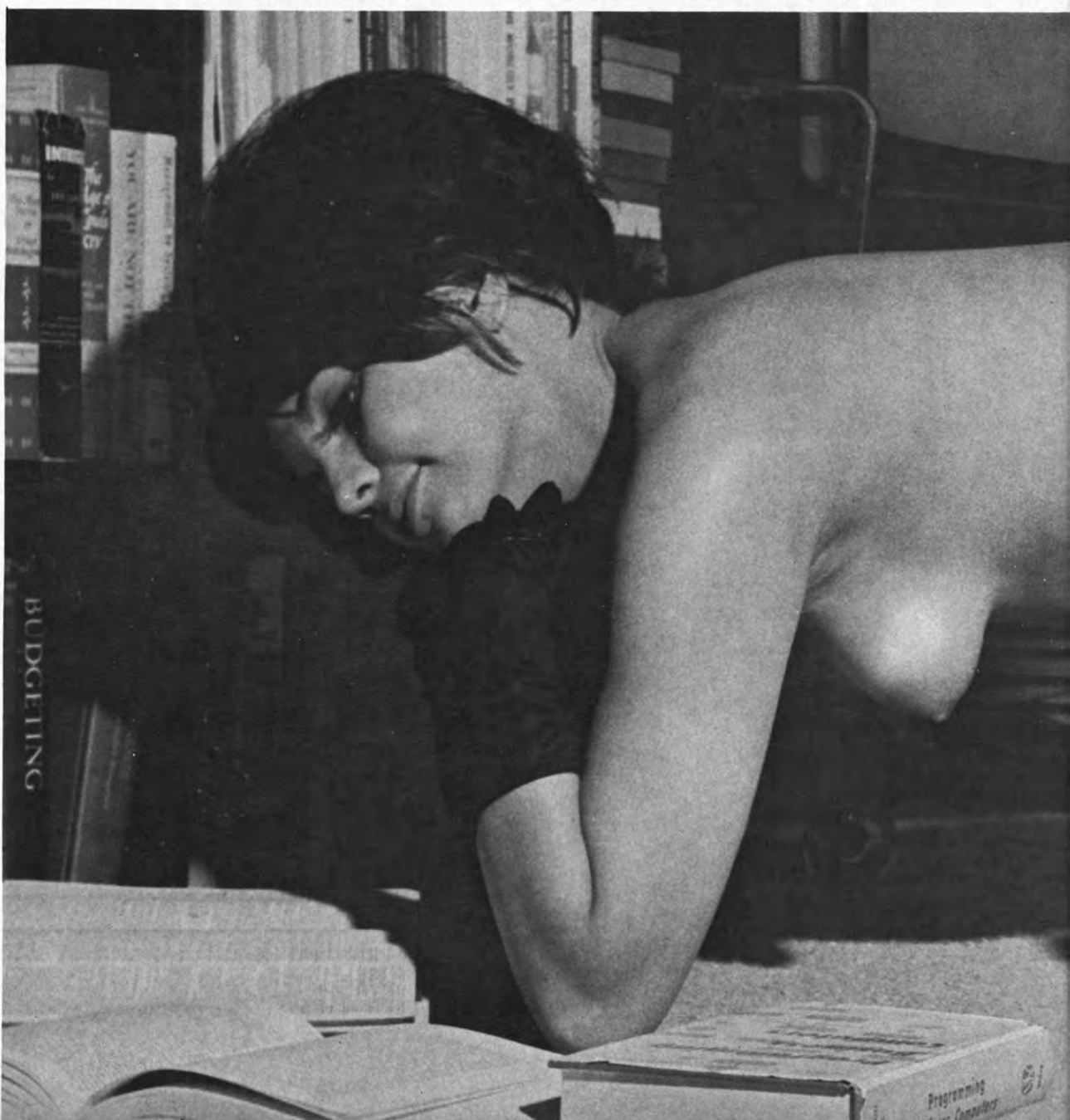
Betty is one school dropout who is doing something about it. Of course, in the minds of all her friends, she is far from a dropout at all. This attractive gal is a college graduate with a hard-earned Bachelor of Arts degree, but, since she had to leave the University of Nevada before getting her Masters, her open-sesame to a teaching career, Betty considers herself a "dropout". What is she doing about it? For one thing, she probably spends more time with her nose buried in books than any undergraduate at the university. And she does her studying in addition to holding a full-time job as a dancer at a swank nightclub on the strip in Las Vegas, even cracking the books between shows. If there is such a thing as a sure-bet in Las Vegas, Betty is it. Bet a bundle she'll make it as a teacher!



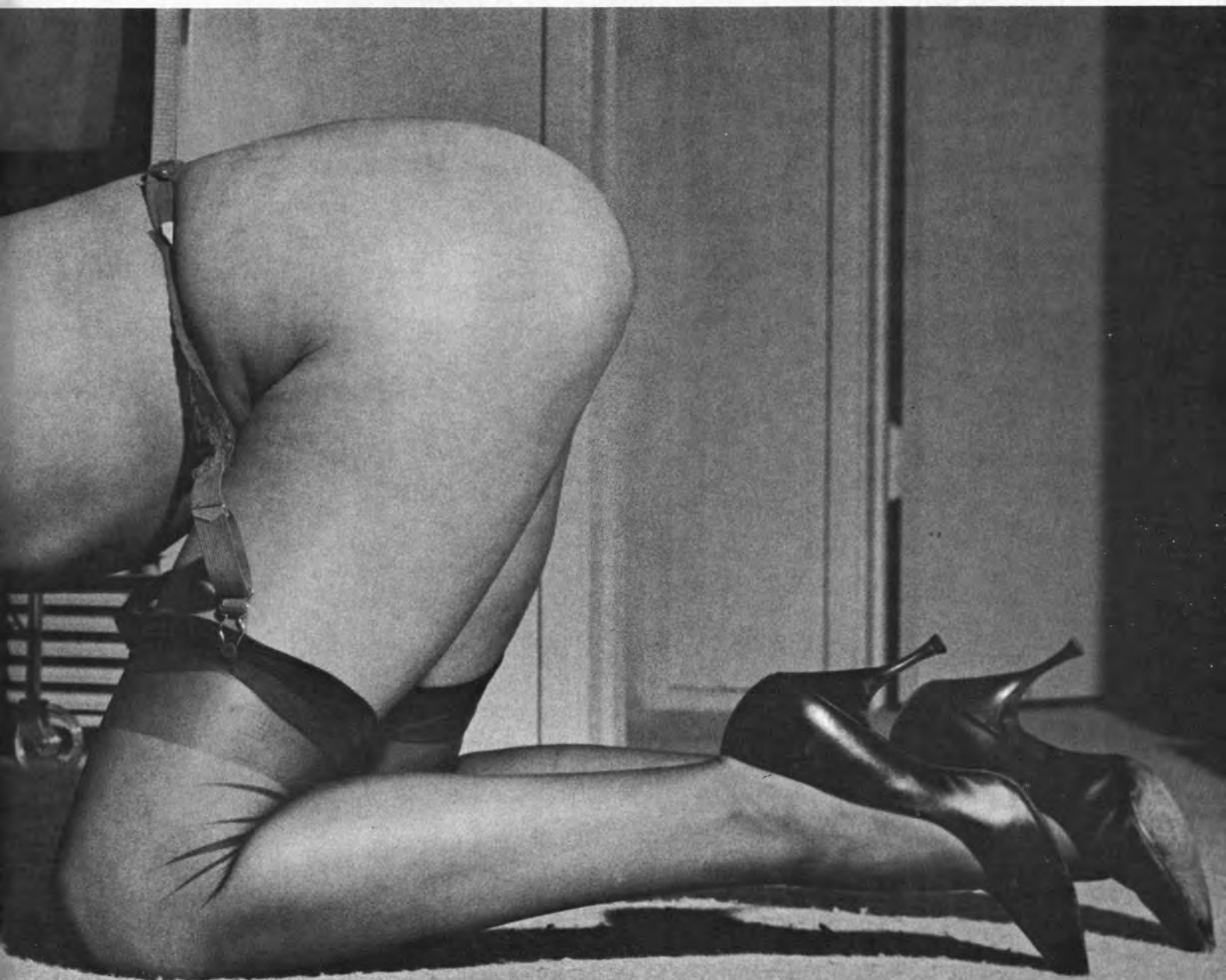
While most of the other dancers at the club confine their reading to best-sellers, movie magazines and the "bible" of show business, Variety, Betty thinks Webster's New World Dictionary makes the most fascinating reading of all. She admits it isn't strong on plot, but feels, for a future English teacher, it is invaluable.



It took some time for Betty to convince the other gals in the show that she wasn't a "booky" drudge; that she wanted to join them for an occasional, relaxing tour of the glamour spots of Las Vegas. Now, when a night on the town is planned, Betty is always asked to come along. It isn't too often she feels free to accept, but, when she does go, she is the life of the party, with a fund of hilarious stories about her uninhibited, lovable family of unworldly scholars. They are her pride and joy.



When Betty tells the stories about her family, it brings back memories of a wonderful childhood spent in an atmosphere of unorganized warmth. Both her parents are professors at the University of Nevada and had their minds on other things than regular time for meals, hanging up clothes or definite bedtime for the children. It was a household with a deep mutual love as its only real discipline. Betty grew up in this environment to become an animated, beautiful woman who will make an outstanding teacher.



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TEMPEST IN A "B" CUP

(Continued from Page 27)

Another lovely with a high I.Q. is nudie-cutie Elke Sommer (36-22-36). She speaks six languages fluently, and was an honor student in school in Berlin.

Measuring the bustline to decide anything could be a fallacy in itself, as some point out. If a girl had a thick chest, or an outsize rib cage, she might come up with a bust measurement of 38 inches, while in actuality she could be practically flat-chested. One chubby gal states that she measured 36 way back ten years ago, and wore a "B" cup brassiere. Today, due to added poundage, she measures 43 inches and still wears a 36-B brassiere. She has to get extra long straps to go about the body, but her bosom hasn't increased a particle.

Many of these well-formed gals complain that fan magazines and columnists and interviewers always play up their physical measurements, but seldom ever write about their mental equipment or ability.

The tie-in with breasts and intelligence is, thus far, the product of only one man's thinking. It is obvious, however, that the sex appeal and personal magnetism of females has little or nothing to do with mentality or intelligence. Stars like Bette Davis, for instance, prove that sex appeal and brains are more than compatible. Miss Davis, today in her fifties, still oozes that mysterious something that spells "desirable woman".

Another that comes to mind is the extremely talented Barbara Stanwyck. When Barbara steps onto a movie set, or into a room, an electric something grips almost every normal male in the area. Miss Stanwyck has never been known, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, as a sex symbol, yet her sex appeal is evident in almost every gesture or look, whether she is playing a part or relaxing in privacy. And Miss Stanwyck is one of the sharpest business heads in Hollywood. Joan Crawford is still another. Miss Crawford came to Hollywood as a dancer, which only added to the impression that she was "just another pretty dame", but she quickly served notice that she wasn't about to be typed as a "flapper", and went on to Academy Award status, and is one of the most profound and intelligent ladies of the theater.

Of course, as in any vital question such as Strassmann's theory, there are those who agree as well as those

who dissent violently. Mamie Van Doren has an opinion on almost everything, and is quick to advance it if there are reporters nearby to record it for posterity. Her attitude is simply that he may be right or wrong, but who really cares?

Mamie's 37-22-36 measurements are eye-catching, and maybe she isn't as dumb as she perhaps wants people to think either, for Mamie says, "Who wants a high-I.Q. woman anyway? I think the man should have the brains. If I had depended on my brains to get me where I am, I wouldn't have gotten very far!"

England's Diana Dors is another who gives the lie to the good doctor's theory that big-busted women of necessity cannot have any brains. Diana knew where she wanted to go, which happened to be to the top in show business. Quite wisely, when she found she had those luscious young charms in such abundance, she didn't hide them, but instead used them to help her career. Diana was quite content to be known as a sex symbol — but only until her name and measurements became a household word in England. Then, Miss Dors calmly incorporated herself, and set producers, writers and businessmen back on their heels with her business acumen.

Even in the doctor's own field, there is opposition. Dr. Charles McLane, of Cornell University Medical College, disagrees vociferously, and he has been studying female anatomy even longer than Dr. Strassmann.

The entertainment world has produced its share of intelligent, beautiful women who have never been serious contenders in the tape-busting derby. Such stars as Loretta Young (a successful businesswoman and producer) and Rosalind Russell.

But the real proof is in a check of those women who are not in the limelight as frequently as are movie queens or TV actresses. A look in fashion magazines, such as Vogue, reveals that most of the career women are not only obviously highly endowed in the brain department, but are chic and charming, and have loads of sex appeal, whether big-breasted or not.

It seems we'll have to do a lot more research in this area before we can agree that Dr. Strassmann and that cigarette commercial are right, that "it's what's up front that counts."

SET UP FOR SIN

(Continued from Page 54)

fume. She was a tall one. As statuesque and shapely as the obedient young redhead currently bundling with the real Phillip Magnan in the apartment she'd lured him to.

Only this chick, who'd identified herself as Myra Jensen, had class. It stuck out all over her, Les happily noted as they walked toward the elevators. A babe like Myra made a cheap floozie like Jeri suffer by comparison.

If he was anything at all, Les Reinke prided himself on being a first-class opportunist. He did his best to take advantage of whatever sort of situation he ran into. Now, lounging in the descending elevator next to the brunette who kept smiling at him, he wondered how to carry through with the play she'd started?

She helped. She brushed against his shoulder with both of those deluxe persuaders rounding out the top of the navy blue frock. "I imagine you wonder how I happened to know you and why I came up to your room tonight. May I call you by your first name?"

Les leaned back so that the pleasurable contact his shoulder made with those nifty protrusions was renewed. "Sure. Make it Phil and Myra," he drawled. He leaned a trifle more and was rewarded by a swaying pressure in encouraging response.

There wasn't any question about their destination as they left the hotel. If Les Reinke didn't know precisely where she was driving after they got in her late-model hard-top, he had a pretty fair hunch what they'd do when they got there.

"How did you know I was getting lonesome up there in that room all by myself, baby?" Les casually inquired, just as casually dropping his hand to her knee. His fingertips brushed unhurriedly upwards across the silken sleekness of her nylons and gloriously onwards.

Naturally, she was a high-priced call girl. Undoubtedly, that greying old duffer she'd taken him to be had contributed lots of business to the local talent.

Myra laughed low and intensely, making no attempt to detain his assertive hand while she drove.

"You aren't as old as I had you pictured, Phil. But you certainly are as, uh, compelling a personality as you've been described."

Les was sweating. Every nerve in his body was keyed up and screaming for the delightful follow-through on those initial intimacies the brunette seemed wholly in accord to let continue.

The jewelry sample case slipped unnoticed to wedge between the front seat cushion and the car door as Les Reinke devoted both hands to his lovely comrade.

They were far out in the country when Myra Jensen spun off the hard-top onto a narrow, deeply-rutted backwoods dirt road and parked.

The brunette chuckled throatily, coming into his arms. Les experienced a wild, overpowering sense of passionate elation while his mouth ground insistently against the warm, soft curve of her lips.

The next sensation he experienced was one of burning pain and he didn't know why.

Not until he realized that the bitch had come up with a knife from somewhere. That while she'd had her arms around him, her delectable curves mashed against the front of his sport jacket, she'd swiftly plunged a sharp stiletto blade between his shoulders.

"You — why did you — do this?" Les Reinke gasped, feeling himself being pushed from the car to the blackened surface of the deserted dirt road.

"That nineteen-year-old blonde you made pregnant last year was my kid sister," viciously said the blurred image staring down at the twisted, writhing form of the dying man. "I hope it takes you as long to die as it did Shirley! Of course, you wouldn't even have known she was dead — that she swallowed half a can of cleaning lye. To you, she was just another easy lay. Well, so long, Mr. Magnan. Have fun in hell!"

The choking pleas of the male strangling on the thick, warm taste of his own blood only brought back the brunette's departing laugh as she swerved the car around and drove rapidly off.

To his final satisfaction, Les Reinke was still alive when a passing motorist, who lived on a farm located along that forlorn road, found him and summoned the police.

He was an opportunist to the end. He wanted to make sure that Myra Jensen would soon be joining him where he was going . . .

LEG MEN...

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As far as Hilda is concerned, she has found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. She feels she captured this elusive prize on the day she arrived in Southern California two short years ago. To this gal from Denmark, land of interminably long, cold winters, the Southland's warm sunrays are pure gold that she can, and does, mine in her own backyard.







Hilda made her break from Denmark's wintry blasts by answering an advertisement in a daily paper. It asked if there was a young, unattached girl who could take care of two youngsters of a couple who lived in the Bel Air section of Los Angeles. Hilda knew only a few words of English, so she had her former English teacher send a reply, which in essence said, "You bet I can!" When the acceptance came (complete with boat fare to this country), Hilda was on the way to her own treasure, backyard sun and warmth to enjoy.



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STAMPEDE TO HELL

(Continued from Page 35)

only sounds from the cab. Bob silently signaled the rustler to get out. When he saw that she was a woman it was his turn to be surprised. Skin-tight Levis and a dark shirt hugged her round, well-fleshed figure and a scarf was tied over her head. But there was no mistaking the beautiful frightened face. "Phyllis!" Bob gasped. "What in hell are you doing here?"

Relief flooded the girl's face as she recognized her captor. "Oh, Bob, it's you!" she sobbed. "I was so scared." She started toward him with her arms outstretched.

But Bob quickly recovered from his shock and raised his rifle to stop her. "So you've been working with this gang of rawhiders all along," he said grimly. "It was pretty smart of them to plant you in the bar where you could learn about the ranches from suckers like me. How much did they pay you for being a spy? Or did you do it for love?"

"It isn't what you think," Phyllis insisted. "Jesse, Jesse Harlow — the leader of this gang — is my husband. I didn't know what he was until after I married him. He forced me to do this. I didn't want to but I was afraid he'd kill me if I refused."

"Shut up!" Bob snarled. Phyllis's guilty expression told him that his worst fears were true and the knowledge was like a hot knife in his guts. He wanted to strike out and hurt her as much as he had been hurt. Yet he also longed to hear her story and find some excuse for what she had done. If only he could believe in her innocence and recapture the dream that she had been to him a few minutes ago!

Phyllis sensed Bob's torment and saw it as her only escape. "Bob, honey, listen to me!" she begged. "You know I wouldn't do something like this if I didn't have to. I was afraid for you as well as myself."

"Afraid for me?" Bob asked.

"Yes. Jesse swore he'd kill any man who touched me. That's why I held back all the times I was aching to give myself to you. Remember when you would take me to a movie or a dance and kiss me goodnight? How I wanted to let you make love to me then! Just to belong to you and no one else, that was what I longed for with all of my heart."

"Stop it!" Bob commanded, his voice a tortured groan. "None of your pretty lies can save you now. You and me are gonna wait right here until your cattle-thieving partners come back. Then I'm gonna

take all of you to jail. And I hope you rot there before I ever lay eyes on you again!"

"Yes, I know that's what I deserve," Phyllis said with downcast eyes. "And I could face even that if I knew how you really feel about me. Tell me, darling. Let me hear you say just once that you love me!"

Bob glared at her, his trembling hands sweaty on his gunstock. "I'd sooner love an ornery old she — grizzly!" he hissed through clenched teeth.

A small teasing smile twisted the corners of Phyllis's wide mouth. "Would you, Bob?" she asked. "Maybe you'd better see what I have to offer before you throw it away so lightly." Her fingers went to the buttons of her shirt and began to pluck them open one by one. Bob watched spellbound. When the shirt was open to her waist Bob's eyes strained against his will to glimpse the white bra and darker gleam of smooth flesh. Phyllis smiled boldly. She shrugged off the shirt and reached back to unfasten the bra. "Take a good look, honey," she purred. "Take a long last look at what you'll be missing out on while I'm locked up."

Bob swallowed dryly and tried to speak as the bra slipped away. Phyllis's large firm breasts spilled out like twin suns lighting up the night of his desire. Their pointed tips held his eyes in a hypnotic trance that he could not break. *What the hell is happening to me?* he thought as he struggled vainly to regain his self-control. In his lifetime he had faced all kinds of physical danger, but never before had he felt so helpless. It was his first experience with a skilled seductress, and Phyllis was desperately fighting for her freedom. Even a more sophisticated man would have had little chance against her.

Phyllis had removed her boots and was unzipping her Levis. She smiled challengingly and wiggled out of the pants to reveal a pair of shapely thighs molded into curving hips that quivered invitingly. "Think of how good it could have been for us, Bob," she said sadly, lifting her arms to stretch with naked abandon. "Think of what you and I could have had together, if you weren't so damned virtuous! Aren't you even tempted to take a little sample before you —"

With a strangled cry, Bob lost what was left of his sanity and

a
Bare
in
her
Lair





The old saying, "A man's home is his castle" goes double for a woman as far as Audrey is concerned. To this very-much-a-woman, her home is a castle and a sanctuary that offers a retreat from the outside world when the sun goes down and the day's work is finished. In her lair, Audrey can relax in solitude and unclothed comfort.

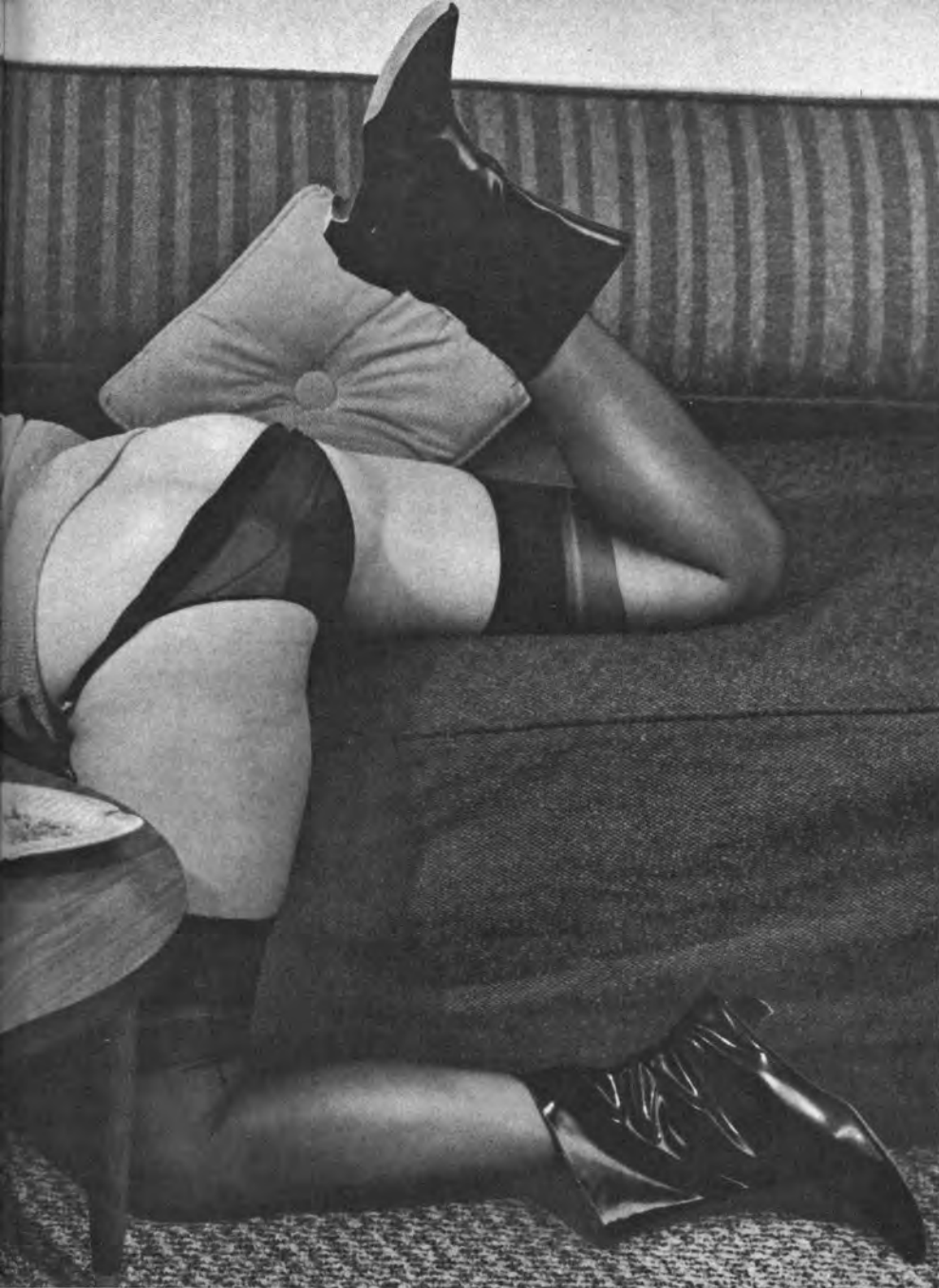


Lil' Audrey, as this diminutive doll is naturally called, is an airline hostess who just squeezed by the minimum height requirements. Unlike most of her flying sisters, she hasn't teamed up with another hostess or two to share the cost of her home-base lodgings, preferring to come and go, dress or undress as she likes. It's not that she's anti-social, far from it, but she does feel her off hours are a good time to literally and figuratively come down out of the clouds.









While Audrey spends her time during her New York to Los Angeles run tending to the comfort of the passengers, she would be equally at home in the captain's cabin, flying the plane. She is a qualified pilot and, as a matter of fact, is co-owner, along with her two flying brothers, of a snappy four-seater private plane. It is not unusual for lil' Audrey to land at Los Angeles' International Airport, check out, and head straight for the small field where the family wings are kept. Still in her hostess uniform, she'll take a quick spin down the Pacific coastline, thrilling to one of the most beautiful views on earth, skimming over the whitecaps pounding the Southern California shore. Then it's to her beachtown lair for Audrey where she still flies on a happy cloud nine.



DIANE DWITH BANGS

Diane is definitely a non-conformist, in one area, at least. This honey-blonde won't go along with the ever-changing fashions in hair-dos. Since her grammar school days, she has worn her locks in a short bob with attractive bangs, even though fashion has alternately decreed long, short, curly, straight, beehive, braids and what have you for the more pliable. But not for Diane. She knows what she likes and sticks with it.





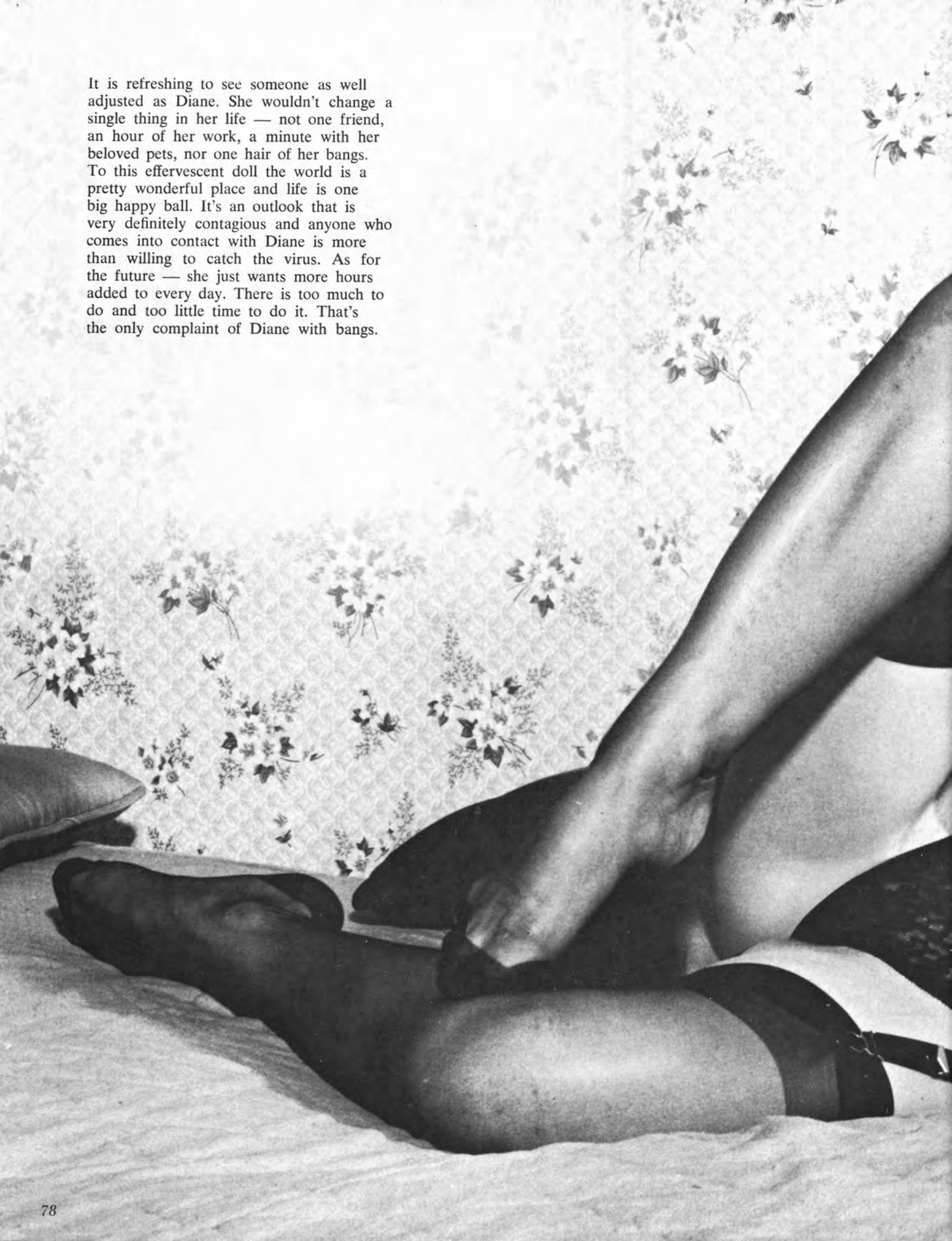


Knowing what she likes and sticking to it is Diane's outstanding characteristic. Like her apartment, for instance. She has lived in the same one for over eight years, changing very little in that time. Sure, if some painting is needed, she sees that it is done, but the general decor remains the same Oriental motif Diane has lived with from the day she first rented the diggings. In the same vein, this charming young gal cherishes old friends, sticks to the same hobbies of golf and horseback riding and, because of her deep love for animals, has been happy in her job with a leading veterinarian. It is the only job Diane has ever had. From her school days, when she suffered for every stray dog or homeless kitty, Diane planned her career as a Florence Nightingale for the victims of the uneven battle between animals and automobiles.





It is refreshing to see someone as well adjusted as Diane. She wouldn't change a single thing in her life — not one friend, an hour of her work, a minute with her beloved pets, nor one hair of her bangs. To this effervescent doll the world is a pretty wonderful place and life is one big happy ball. It's an outlook that is very definitely contagious and anyone who comes into contact with Diane is more than willing to catch the virus. As for the future — she just wants more hours added to every day. There is too much to do and too little time to do it. That's the only complaint of Diane with bangs.







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